

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In these days when so much emphasis is being laid upon the need for confession, it is interesting to notice what appears to be the only form of direct confession put by Jesus into the mouths of his disciples. In the "Lord's Prayer," there is only the general mention of "debts" (Matt. vi. 12) and "sins" (Luke xli. 4) for which forgiveness is to be asked upon condition of our own attitude of forgiveness; but in the seventeenth chapter of Luke and the tenth verses we have the following command: "Even so ye also, when ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do."

In this fashion does our Lord lay emphasis upon that which we are so prone to forget, the fact that sins of omission are quite as heinous, as sins of commission if not more so. As long as our gaze is fastened upon the corruption of our own natures, we must continue, however, unwillingly, in a condition of inactive, morbid remorse. There is no room left in our minds for ideas of service and wholesome activity. We are kept too busy investigating the extent of our own depravity to have any time left for doing anything. People forget that history, psychology and our own experience unite in testifying to the danger of such a proceeding. Our minds become fascinated by the spectacle of our own wickedness.

The editor is reminded of something which impressed him very deeply at the time Paul has since opened his eyes to the importance of a good "memory" (as a little child once quaintly expressed it) as well as of a good memory. A lad of sixteen working in a pottery had his head terribly hurt in the clay-crusher. After the surgeons had dressed the almost shapeless mass of mangled flesh and bone, they put up a screen in such a way that the poor boy could not see his hand as it lay stretched under the steadily following stream of carbonized water. When questioned as to the reason for this they said "It would never do to let the patient have the sight of that disfigured member constantly before his eyes. It would hinder and perhaps quite prevent his recovery. We must make him think as little about his injury as possible. He should, almost forget that he has a hand." Once by accident the screen fell down, and throughout the whole day afterward the poor lad was in a state of excitement bordering on mania, as result of that single glance at the horribly swollen and discoloured mass at the end of his arm. And small wonder, for God has planted within us a wholesome sense of delight in our own physical organism when it is free from disease, and a shrinking from the thought of corruption in relation to our own

frame. The most terrible feature of leprosy is not its painfulness, but its loathsomeness. How we should wonder at the leper who would think to improve his condition by gazing constantly at his own deformities! And yet there are those who regard it as a duty to keep their spiritual sores in full view. How can we have the heart to do anything when confronted at all times by our moral distortions?

An examination of Christ's words in that seventeenth chapter of Luke will reveal one matter of great interest. Observe that we have here an order to confess not after disobedience, but after so complete an obedience that it is described in the words "shall have done all things that are commanded you." Truly a remarkable kind of confession! And yet if we ponder the situation we may not only get a very clear vision of man's incapacity for a service whereby God shall in any way be put in his debt, but we shall see a real use in the fact that man's attention is directed toward his own failings only after a period of active endeavour. It is as if no distraction were to be permitted in the course of service. "Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do." When the task is completed there will be leisure to look back and see how "unprofitable," after all, the effort has been.

It is useless for us to look for perfect people in this world, but it is by no means a fruitless search when we go in quest of good men and women. We find them on every hand, and the more we are convinced of their goodness, the more we are ourselves encouraged to be good. One thing which we may observe in the course of our search is that, as a rule, goodness and useful activity are to be found in close connection. The "strenuous life" has very little room in it for morbid self-examination; and whatever faults may be developed in the course of an active career, are much easily dealt with by the sincere Christian than those which spring up like foul fungi out of the rubbish heap of his unwholesome imaginings.

Augustine was a great man but not so great as Paul; and it is not hard to get at the secret of the difference between them. Read Paul's epistles and then read the "Confessions of Augustine." The latter work is filled with noble thoughts and depicts the struggles of a deeply earnest Christian soul; but how different is the atmosphere from that of Paul's letters. Paul wrote more than one of his epistles from a prison house, but his spirit was breathing the air of freedom. Augustine was bound by no chains, his body was at liberty to go where it pleased, but the soul of the man too often gives evidence of days spent in the dungeons where it brooded over a corrupt past.

"Forgetting the things that are behind and stretching forward to the things that are before." Only thus can India hope to climb out of its dead past into a future of life and hope.

The Most Memorable Scene of My Life.

By William T. Stead.

Editor of *The Review of Reviews*.

THE SEA FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

When Queen Victoria was buried, the progress from the chamber of death to her last resting-place divided itself into three parts. The first and by far the most impressive was the first, which I have called her sea funeral.

The Queen died at Osborne in the Isle of Wight. She was buried in Frogmore in the Park at Windsor. The first day of her funeral was spent in conveying the dead Queen across the arm of the sea called the Solent from Cowes to Portsmouth. The next day an express-train brought the body to London, and for the last time Queen Victoria rode in state through her capital. But four years before she had driven through though not less vast to celebrate her Diamond Jubilee at St. Paul's. Now the second in silent awe watched the stately cavalcade of sovereigns and princes ride slowly behind the gun-carriage on which lay all that was left of the mortal frame of the most famous queen in England's history. "She both lived and reigned longer than any British monarch; and after Queen Elizabeth," wrote Lord Dufferin, "she is the most heroic woman in our history, and a far better and more lovable woman than Elizabeth was."

DRAWN BY RAMORE.

After crossing London the funeral procession went by train to Windsor. At Windsor railway station it was re-formed, and the dead Queen was brought to the portals of her former residence. Further than the Castle outer gate the horses refused to draw the gun-carriage with the coffin. Coercion and persuasion being alike unavailing, the horses were loosed, and to the intense satisfaction of the people a company of blue-jackets were yoked to the gun-carriage; and so, drawn by her own faithful sailors, Queen Victoria reached St. George's Chapel, where the funeral service was to take place.

As my wife and I were among those bidden as "the Queen's friends" to seats in the Chapel, we were present at the service. That was on Saturday. On the Monday following occurred the third and final act, when the coffin was taken from St. George's Chapel, and amid the skiffing of bagpipes discouraging funeral made a procession limited to members of the royal family followed the coffin to the mausoleum at Frogmore.

Everything from first to last was performed with the utmost stateliness and subdued splendor. From a social point of view nothing could have been more impressive. It marked the close of an epoch. When the gun-carriage passed out of sight on its way to the mausoleum at Frogmore, the curtain fell on the Victorian era.

Americans whose presidents never occupy the White House more than eight years can form but little idea of the way in which the personality of a sovereign who has occupied the throne for sixty-four years comes to form part and parcel of the national life. Queen Victoria had come to be familiarly known to all her subjects. She was more than a sovereign. She had become a landmark. She was at once the familiar friend of her subjects and the historic symbol of the empire. Her death occurring when it did, when England was in the midst of a prolonged and inglorious war which had brought down her gray hairs with sorrow to the tomb, profoundly touched the national sentiment. Hence at the funeral of no other monarch of our time was there so much wide-spread interest, so much intense feeling.

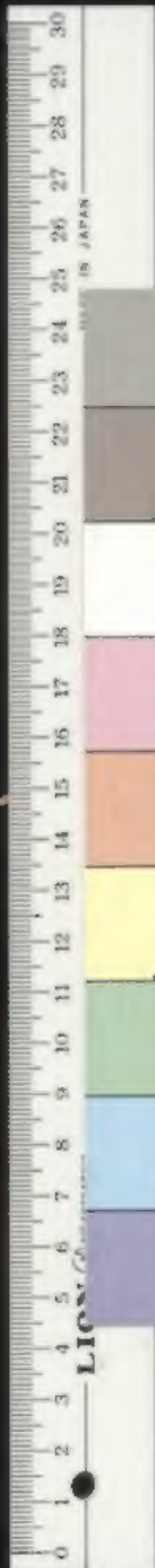
The day of the sea funeral dawned bright and fair. It was the first of February, 1901. During the whole of her long reign Queen Victoria had been so invariably fortunate in having good weather for all her public ceremonials that the phrase, "Queen's weather," had passed into a proverb. February is an uncertain month, and many feared that the elements would be adverse. Their fears were unfounded. Her Majesty had Queen's weather to the last.

The Solent has been for ages the favorite waterway for the display of naval pageants. Its waters, spacious enough to allow three lines of first-class battle-ships to lie abreast, are nevertheless under the gaze of spectators on either shore. The Solent is the watery amphitheatre of the maritime empire of Britain, an amphitheatre which provides, aside on the mainland and on the northern coast of the Isle of Wight, ample room and verge enough for myriads of spectators.

Osborne, the seaside palace of Queen Victoria, stands on the Isle of Wight, at a short distance from Cowes, the greatest yachting centre of the world. The towers of Osborne are distinctly visible above the trees which surround the house. The Isle of Wight was once the naval base from which the Romans attacked and subdued southern Britain. It has long been famous as the garden of England, and for more than fifty years was the summer retreat of Queen Victoria. Is a hymn which is sung throughout the English-speaking world occur the familiar lines,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Ocean stood
White Jordan rolled between."

Tradition has it that it was the lovely landscape of the wooded heights of Osborne that suggested this verse to Dr. Watts. The hymn was written on the outskirts of Southampton, which commanded a fine view of the sweet fields beyond the Solent. On the Queen's funeral day the



fields were green enough, but the woods were wintry black. The sky, however, was a cloudless blue, and the tranquil sea was bright with the rays of the February sun.

THE SILENT SPECTACLE.

Twice before I had witnessed a great naval review in the Solent. The Jubilee of 1887 had been eclipsed by the Jubilee of 1897; but that in its turn was thrown into the shade by the melancholy but imposing assemblage of the war-ships of the Queen to stand guard as the remains of their sovereign made their last journey across the Solent. Not alone did the battle-ships of Britain muster in this last parade. The navies of France and of Germany were also represented. But the British ships alone stood on guard. The long-lying line of floating fortresses stretched nearly seven miles up the Solent. In the furthest east the line almost reached the Spithead forts which guard the entrance to Portsmouth Dockyard. In the furthest west the ships lay opposite the towers of Osborne near the entrance to Southampton Harbor. The sea was full of ships, and everywhere the flag hung half-mast high.

I witnessed the funeral from the deck of a steamer that lay off Cowes till the cortege from Osborne amid the sombre beating of muffled drums, the skirl of the funeral bagpipes, and the strains of the "Dead March" wound its way through the streets of the little town, and deposited the Queen on the pier on her steamer, the *Alberta*. The roar of a signal gun from the guard-ship *Australis* announced the departure of the royal yacht from her moorings a few minutes before three in the afternoon. Instantly all down the seven-mile line the minute guns began to fire. It was wonderful to see the flashing fire spurt out from the steel-lined battle-ships, and then, long after, to hear the roar of the report.

Very soon all semblance of order or sequence in the salute of the navy to their Queen was lost. The sluggish wave of sound brought up the roar of the salute from the eastern ships to mingle with the second and third salute from those nearer Cowes. The air was filled with a confused thunder of great guns as of a navy in action minus the shells. Through the smoke wreaths the flame yet burst incessantly.

And then, as the ear was becoming accustomed to the roar of the leviathan effort, and the eye was no longer dazzled by the swift-darting flash, we saw the head of the naval cortege. A double line of torpedo destroyers, horrible black sea devils, swept like grim and silent krakens over the appointed course. They were not inappropriate heralds of Death.

As they passed, the men on the ships stood to attention, and every eye was strained for that which was to come. The crews manned the fighting-cocks; the red-rosted marines stood

on guard across the forebridge. On some of the ships the bands played Chopin's "Funeral March," the "Dead March" in "Saul" being barred by the special wish of the dead Queen, who had been so afflicted with it in her lifetime she could not tolerate the idea of having it played at her own funeral.

After the destroyers came in single file the *Trinity* yacht, the royal three-masted yacht, the *Victoria* and the *Albert*, flying the royal standard, and bearing on board the King and Queen, the Kaiser, and other members of the royal family, the *Osborne*, the Admiralty yacht, the *Eschscholtz*, and the great white ocean-going yacht of the German Emperor, the *Hohenzollern*, as large as a liner, towering monstrous above the dainty, delicate steam yachts before and behind.

THE CENTRAL POINT.

Slowly and silently the long, slender line of yachts steamed past the saluting iron-clads, and then at last through the smoke wreaths over the misty waters came the Queen's yacht, the *Alberta*, a tiny cockle-shell of a craft, but the only vessel in all the flotilla that mattered. For on the deck of the *Alberta* under a canopy of purple lay in the view of all her fleet the coffin of the Queen. Motionless as a statue stood a monarch by the bier. On the pall of white repose lay on a crimson cushion resting on a sheet of damask gold lay the imperial crown of Britain, with the orb and the sceptre of sovereignty. And below the jewelled dissem, unseen but consciously present to every mind, lay the still, cold features of her who for more than threescore years had been the mother of her people. Far in front the black krakens cleared the way for the Queen, and behind the tiny yacht the white ensign with the red cross of England trailed in the foaming wake. And so amid the thunder of cannon and the tears of her people Queen Victoria held her last review.

The sun was sinking in the western sky as the funeral cortege, rounding the last battle-ship of the line, made for Portsmouth harbor. We had followed by the *Alberta* on the other side of the line of war-ships, passing almost under the muzzles of the saluting guns and were thus able to see what was by far the most wonderful spectacle of the day. The thunder of the minute guns was hushed. The smoke wreaths added grace and beauty to the giant halls of the long line of battle-ships. The haze of evening was settling down upon the Solent. On the western horizon the wintry sun was sinking in golden glory through the gloom. The sky was clear and cold and blue. In the east hung the pale orb of the moon, and below in the water, now steely gray, noiselessly swept the royal yachts with their black heralds, the great white *Hohenzollern*, and behind them all the tiny *Alberta* bearing upon her shrouded deck the coffined Queen.

If you have ever seen Turner's picture of the fighting Temeraire towed to her last resting-place, then you can form some conception of the splendor of that wintry sunset, the sun dipping below the horizon as the Queen steamed slowly to her last long home. And, as the Alberta passed through the port, I looked up, and lo! it was as if the two lights which God had placed in heaven, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night, had both passed for a moment in the eastern and the western sky while the Queen of the Seven Seas bade her last adieu to her ocean realm. For the moon had risen full and clear before the sun had set, and the two full-orbed lights shone at once in the sky.

Another moment and the sun had sunk, the Alberta had passed out of sight, and from her within the harbor we heard the salute of the guns of the Victory, Nelson's old battleship, answering the echoes of Trafalgar's thunder to salute for last time the Queen of England.

It was the most imposing scene upon which my eyes had rested, ay, or will ever rest.

London, England.

SORROW'S PLOUGHSHARE.

Back and forth the plough was driven. The field was covered with grasses and lovely flowers, but remorselessly through them all the share tore its way, cutting furrow after furrow. It seemed that all the beauty was being hopelessly destroyed. But by and by harvest time came, and the field was covered with golden wheat. That the ploughman's faith saw from the beginning.

Sorrow seems to destroy the life of a child of God. Its rude share plunges again and again through it, making many a deep furrow, gashing its beauty. But afterward a harvest of blessing and good grows up out of the crushed and broken life.

That is what God intends always in trial and sorrow. Let us have the ploughman's faith, and we shall not faint when the share is driven through the heart. Then by faith we shall see beyond the pain and trial the blessing of richer life, of wider business, of larger usefulness. And to win that blessing will be worth all the pain and trial.

—J. H. Miller, D. D.

The value of a church must be in the character of its members, in their reputation for righteousness, in the home life the church represents in the strength of its pulpit, the soundness and thoroughness of its Sunday-school work, the deep devotion expressed in its mid-week prayer meeting, the fidelity of its pastoral service, the liberality of its benevolent contributions, and its indirect contribution to social order and the purifying of politics.

YOUNG LONDONERS AS REVIVALISTS.

In connection with the Havelock Free Training House, at 43, Trinity-square, Borough, S.E., a band of young business men are conducting revival services during their spare evenings (and all day on Sundays) in various parts of the City. Business houses and mission halls are being visited, and much good is resulting. These young men sing favourite English and Welsh revival songs: they give their services freely. Any earnest Christian young man can join the band to sing or speak regardless of denomination.

CHINA AWAKE.

The Shanghai correspondent of the New York Times and the London Times writes that after seven months' absence from China he finds evidence of a remarkable change. It is impossible to deny that since the conclusion of the war, China's time-honored tactics, evasion and passive obstruction, have given place to a definite expression of the policy of China for the Chinese, and to deliberate organized resistance to all foreign influence.

THOUGHTS ON THE SABBATH.

Choose one of these, make it your own, and give it in your own words:

The interests of the Sabbath are the interests of the poor; the enemies of the Sabbath are the enemies of the poor.

—Prof. George Adam Smith.

As we keep or break the Sabbath day, we nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope by which man arises.

—Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I advise you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath holy.

Wilberforce.

Every citizen who stays at home on Sunday, forsaking the institution to live his individual life, hangs out a flag at his front door, inscribed: "The church is not worth while."

Dean Hodges.

Because Sunday is the soul's parlor day, the day for reason and imagination and conscience, our age, with its overwrought bodies, its overtaxed brains, its jaded hearts, needs it as our fathers did.

—N. D. Hall, D. D.

The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel towards those who impress its importance on the community.

Daniel Webster.

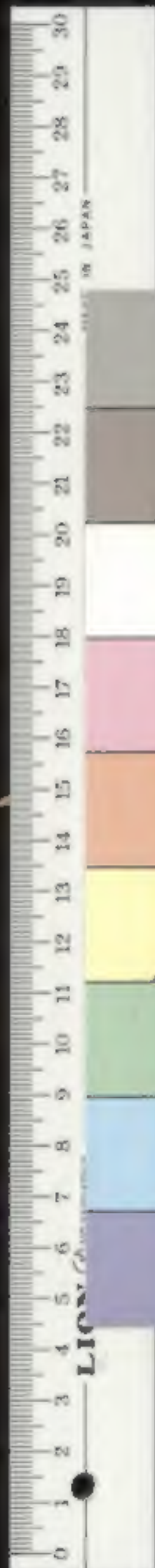
Spend the day Godward, this is the sum of Sabbath-keeping. Shove back the world, and let the soul lift its face toward its true Lord.

—Robert Johnston, D. D.

Men do not complain of the sixth commandment, which protects their person; nor of the eighth, which protects their property; why, then, should they complain of the fourth, which protects their rightful heritage, a weekly day of rest?

—Eugene Stock.

Arabians on meeting shake hands six or eight times. Once is not enough. If, however, they be persons of distinction, they embrace and kiss one another several times, and also kiss their own hands.



MODERN SURGICAL SCIENCE.

A remarkable development of modern surgical science has just been brought to the fore by Prof. Hobday, of Kensington, one of the foremost veterinary surgeons of the world. He announces that dogs and cats can be fitted with false teeth, wooden legs, imitation paws and glass eyes.

In his accounts of the really remarkable things which have been accomplished, he tells how meat skewers, hat pins, sticks, pins, needles, nails, tacks, beads, stones, corks, coins, rubber or wooden balls, etc., have been successfully removed from the bodies of dogs and cats which have swallowed them.

One of the pictures which the professor has in his possession is that of a valuable sheep dog which recovered after an operation in which a hard composition cricket ball was removed from its stomach. The author of "Canine and Feline Surgery," Prof. Hobday, also relates how he once found a valuable diamond collar stud in the body of a dog, the owner of the stud having missed it, and suspected his dog of swallowing it.

—Washington Star.

The most interesting of these "astronomical churches," as they may be called, is perhaps the Cathedral of Florence. For this church is fitted with an arrangement for determining the Summer Solstice. This was the work of Paolo Toscanelli, physician and cosmographer, and contemporary of Columbus. The sunlight, passing through a window in the dome of the cathedral, falls on a gnomon which is built into the marble sill of the window. Thence through a circular aperture it passes on to a solstitial marble slab in the cathedral floor 200 feet below. On this slab the correct position for the light on the Summer Solstice was marked. It is thought that this great instrument was designed by Toscanelli for the correction of the Alphonsine tables then in use. Possibly, also, it was intended for the observation of the variation in the obliquity of the ecliptic.

It is a matter of common knowledge that churches are usually built with nave and chancel running east and west. It is, perhaps, not so generally known that the orientation is not always exactly east and west. In a large number of cases the chancel points not exactly east but to that point of the horizon where the sun rises on the day of the saint to whom the church is dedicated.

EVEN YOUR SANCTIFICATION.

The more sound our experience, the more quiet our piety, the more shall we understand that "this is the will of God, even our sanctification." This is the heaven we desire. We shall love it and exult in it, in proportion as we love God and exult in God. Hence "the children of God" have a supreme taste for likeness to God; this is their chosen blessedness. The children of the devil have no such taste. They desire the incidental benefits of religion; such as escape from hell, and the dread of it, also supports and consolations under sorrows of life; but they must own that restoration of nature, and the restored image of God awaken none of their sensibilities. The soul that is born again is filled with expectations which, however undefined, are at once spiritual and glorious. "Beloved, now we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

—Dr. J. W. Alexander.

THE HABIT OF POSTPONING.

"A time for every thing, and every thing in its time," is a good maxim to learn and practice. It helps one to success by lightening labor and prevents carelessness. We had a friend in boyhood, of superior talents, a fine scholar, and an agreeable companion. But he was always putting off important duties to a future time, hoping for greater leisure to attend to them. His whole life has proved a failure, because he has always been behind hand.

Robert Southey said that Samuel Taylor Coleridge had the same bad habit. He was a poet of wonderful genius, a profound thinker in philosophy, and a scholar whose range of reading was almost boundless. But he did little worthy of his great powers. As Southey says, "At times his feels mortified that he has done so little; but this feeling produces no exertion. 'I will begin to-morrow,' he says. And thus he has been idling his life letting to-day slip."

In a series of interesting articles which have appeared in *Nature* Sir Norman Lockyer has shown that Stonehenge was a much more ancient and perfect arrangement for determining the Summer Solstice. Built about 1680 B. C., the avenue of Stonehenge was a slight line pointing to the rising sun on the day of the Summer Solstice. As the sun rose the light flashed along this avenue to the inner building, where the watcher was waiting its advent.

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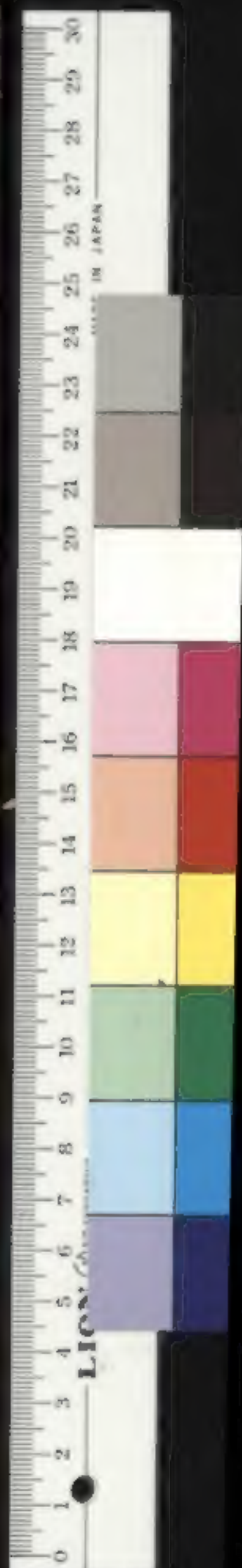
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